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A TRIP WITH THE TARTAR, FROM STAMBOUL TO ALEPPO.

"ARE you fond of horse exercise?" is a question often put to us by ladies and gentlemen who have occasionally indulged in a donkey-ride at Brighton
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or on Blackheath. Our invariable reply, some few years ago, was wont to be in the affirmative. Time, however, which changes almost everything, has changed even our tastes and inclinations, and now-a-days the very sight of a saddle is suffi-

cient to throw us into a state of nervous excitement; not that we ever met with any serious accident in our experience, though we must admit to an occasional roll over on the sea sand—incidents which left us more frightened than hurt; but, reader, we once rode ourselves fairly off our legs, and the very recollection of that horrible adventure still haunts us with the utmost alarm. The case referred to was this.—We happened to be at Constantinople when an express arrived from a relative then residing at Aleppo, in Syria, urging upon us, for particular private reasons, the absolute necessity of joining him within a certain period, and that period so short, that, in the absence of any steam communication, we were compelled, *volens volens*, to avail ourselves of the weekly government Tartar post, though even at that time entertaining some faint conceptions of the fatigue and discomfort attendant on such a method of travelling. But in this instance the ideal was far exceeded by the reality. The first step to be taken was to secure a couple of horses, and to book ourselves right through from Stamboul to Aleppo. To this intent we procured, through the kindness of the British embassy, an imperial firman, and, backed with this important document, called at the office of the postmaster-general, who, after perusing the firman, introduced us to the Tartar who was to be our guardian and companion. Of this personage it would be difficult to give an accurate description. He was something uncommon even in Constantinople, where one stumbles across the most uncouth-looking beings at almost every step. If a brown bear were to put on a white turban and a pair of hessians, it might make some approach to what this Tartar was. His beard and moustache were monstrous, and yet of a short, curly, jetty-black, woolly composition; his nose was prominent, his eyes piercing; as for his mouth, I question if his most intimate acquaintance had distinctly seen that feature for many a year; and then he was perfectly enveloped in suits of clothes, one over another, the whole being surmounted with a strong leather belt about a foot broad, in the innumerable pockets of which he carried his cartridges, tobacco, flint and steel, and other small indispensables for a Tartar's comfort (if a Tartar can with propriety be said to possess any comfort) during his long and fatiguing journeys. In one hand he carried a short-handled corbush, with four or five very long lashes attached to the end of it, and in the other his inseparable companion, a little Turkish pipe. On the whole, his appearance was not precisely what is termed prepossessing—least of all, for a companion through solitary wilds and desolations. However, we were not long left to meditate over these matters; the hour of departure was arranged, and we were warned to be on the spot a quarter of an hour beforehand, if possible.

Hurrying home, we packed up as speedily as we could: two leathern saddle-bags comprised all our baggage; and, accompanied by a porter, who carried these on his shoulders, we sallied forth, and arrived in due course at the postmaster's office. Here all was bustle and confusion; huge piles of letters, directed in every imaginable character, Greek, Turkish, Arabic, etc., were being hastily sorted according to their several destinations, and then each assortment was sealed up in a separate

bag with the official seal, which none but the authorities at the various post-stations durst upon any account break open. When this was done, then came the more weighty affair of receiving sums of money, giving receipts for the same to clamorous owners, after which the valuable enclosures, amounting to some thousands of pounds, were confided to the Tartar, from which moment he became guarantee for their safety till they should be duly delivered at their destinations. Next came the rather tedious task of loading the horses, for there were no less than five horses to carry loads, besides the one belonging to the surgee, or groom, our own two, and the Tartar's noble steed, a very prince of horses by the side of our meagre nags.

At last—punctual, however, to the minute appointed—everything was declared ready; the word was given to mount, and in a few seconds afterwards we were tearing through the streets of Constantinople at a rate that would have done John Gilpin credit. The order of the company was, first, the horses carrying weights, then the surgee, then ourselves, and last of all, as whipper-in, the valiant Tartar, who shouted and screamed and flourished his whip in the air so mightily, that the terrified horses never abated their paces for one second, from the time we quitted Stamboul till we reached the first relay station, where the horses were to be relieved—a distance of eight hours for any moderate equestrian to ride over, but which we had accomplished in less than three and a half. At this relay we had about five minutes' rest, whilst the saddles and saddle-bags were being transferred from the backs of the worn-out hacks to those of the fresh relay; these were kicking and snorting, and fresh for action, though little imagining what was in store for them. If they were lively when we started, long before midnight the poor creatures could barely creep along; and by the time we reached the second relay they were fit to drop from exhaustion. I need not remark what our feelings were about this period; sleep, or rather want of sleep, being the least evil we suffered from. As for the Tartar, he was just beginning to freshen up, as it were, and get into his accustomed seat; so he enjoyed the thing amazingly, and shouted and sung with great glee.

The second relay carried us in about three hours to the third; it was then about four o'clock in the morning, and we had been groaning, and jolting, and nodding, for the last hour and a half, deeply deploring the miserable position we found ourselves in, and fearful to think of to-morrow, and the next day, and the day after that. Happily for us, the Tartar himself was, after all, mortal, so he resolved to indulge in a good two hours' nap before starting again for the third relay. Never in our lives did we enjoy sleep so much as upon that memorable occasion, and though but of a brief duration, we woke up again as fresh as the larks, who were just shaking the dew-drops from their wings, and singing their early hymns of praise. It is wonderful what a spur their notes gave to our courage; and then the sweetness of the morning breeze, and the calm, serene look of all nature around, as the moon's last rays faded away from the earth and gave place to the warmer glow

of a glorious day-break! Ay, these are themes we love to dwell upon; but the Tartar was not quite so sentimental as ourselves, and he banished all romance with a sharp smack of his whip, and a wild holloa! that set the jackals running in every direction, and our horses were once more tearing over the ground at a furious rate.

Thus we journeyed on, hour after hour, day after day, only stopping to change horses, or, for half an hour or so at mid-day, to go through the requisite form of eating a dinner—such dinners as the nearest village could furnish, and which were barely palatable even then, hungry as we were. Of course, we had our regular two hours' nap, just as the fancy seized the Tartar, or sleep overcame him. We had long since been ferried over from the European continent into Asia, had passed through Kiaparia and Konia (the ancient Iconium), and were now traversing the barren plains of Asia Minor, when the full force of the misery of Tartar travelling developed itself. The sun shone down fiercely upon the parched and cracked earth, which was rent by fissures in every direction; not a breath of air was stirring, and myriads of tiresome flies were wheeling lazily round our heads, keeping pace with the horses as we galloped along, and goading them onwards with their sharp stings, as though the surigee's whip and the yells of the Tartar were not sufficient stimulus to the poor jaded animals, which were by this time absolutely white with foam. One by one, we stripped off our overcoats, unable further to bear up against the intense heat of the day. Not so the Tartar, however, who added an additional mantle or two to his already voluminous clothing. He laughed at us for our simplicity, and we, on our part, were half disposed to set him down for a lunatic.

By this time, incessant riding had settled us down into our saddles and saddle-bags so comfortably, that it was really more agreeable to be on horseback than it was to dismount and stretch our limbs for a few minutes; not that the former was by any means an enviable position, but that the latter was accompanied by cramps and other sad aches too horrible even at this distant period to reflect upon. Happily, the rapid motion of the horses through the air created a slight stir in the stagnant atmosphere, which, inconsiderable though it was, was certainly refreshing. Strange to say, the further we advanced, the better we were enabled to bear up against the fatigue. I suppose that continual practice, and the utter inutility of vain regrets, reconciled us to our lot.

The last day that we were in the plains of Karamania, the sultry heat was, if possible, more intolerable than ever; even the relay horses began to flag sooner than usual. At mid-day, we should imagine that the thermometer stood at 110° Fahrenheit, while at midnight we were scouring over the pass of Kulek Boghas with a bleak, sharp wind blowing, fit almost, so to speak, to cut us in two, and the snow lying ankle-deep on the heights of the Taurus mountains. It was a marvellous change to encounter in so short a space, and very trying to the constitution; but we had no time to think of this, for death in a far more terrible shape seemed to stare us in the face at every step the horses took. Ever and anon, we discovered, by the fitful light of the moon, that we

were galloping over a rugged road, strewn with stones, and in some parts certainly not more than eight feet wide; to our left rose an almost perpendicular rocky wall, whose heights we were afraid to look up to, lest the horse should stumble and precipitate us down a fearful chasm to our left, and whose bottom was wrapped in impenetrable darkness. All expostulations and threats to induce the Tartar to relax his dangerous speed were vain; he said it was as much as his head was worth to retard the government mail by slackening his pace till the danger was passed, which did not occur for many a long hour afterwards. The Tartar whistled and sung all the way; for habit had rendered him almost as hard as the rocks we were then galloping over.

Next morning we were at Adana; a night and a day brought us to the unhealthy plains of Alexandretta; and, though utterly worn-out and wearied, we knew better than to rest, save for a very brief period, in so impure an atmosphere. That night we reached Antioch, had half an hour's repose, and the next day our journey was accomplished—we had arrived at Aleppo! doing the whole distance in the almost incredibly short space of nine days and a half—a journey that caravans usually occupy forty-five days in accomplishing.

The rest is very soon told. No sooner had the excitement of the thing worn off than the counteraction came on, marked by lassitude, loss of appetite, and fever—long, long, torturing fever, with horrid delirium, in which fancy was always galloping over that frightful precipice. At length, reason dawned again, and health slowly returned, and we live to render thanks to that Almighty Benefactor whose watchful eye has so often and so mercifully guarded us in the hour of peril and sickness.

As for the Tartar, he was relieved at Aleppo, and had fifteen days' repose, during most of which time he did nothing but eat, drink, and sleep, enjoying all the time the most robust health. At the end of that period he mounted his steed again and scampered back to Constantinople, as coolly as you, gentle reader, would scamper over the downs at Brighton. Our adventure will explain why now-a-days we are not so exceedingly attached to horse exercise.

BEDS AND BEDDING.

EVEN moderate sleepers spend little less than one-third of their lives in bed; in early childhood much more than that period is passed there; consequently, in the existence of a man of threescore, about twenty years roll over him while he is reclining upon those convenient and comfortable contrivances of art which are announced as forming the subject of this paper. Objects connected with so large a space of our mortal time must accordingly have some interest in our eyes; and it is rather a marvel that so little has been written upon a theme so closely associated with the experience of our sublunary being.

There are the pleasures of bed—not merely those which pertain to the agreeable envelopment of one's whole person within well-aired sheets, beneath the

soft pressure of blankets, and upon the yielding and elastic surface of a mass of well-shaken feathers—not merely the cozy and genial warmth which gathers and glows over one's cold-bitten limbs on a frosty night (pleasures not to be despised by beings of flesh and blood); but there is the sweetness of repose to the weary; there is the solace of slumber after the labours and troubles of sixteen or seventeen hours,

"When the night is fill'd with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Fold up their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away;"

and there are the strange joys of the land of dreams, where the spirit revels amidst scenes of beauty, takes wide excursions of contemplation, visits the distant, recalls the past, brings near the future, and penetrates into mysterious realms:—

"Peopling planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms that shall outlive all flesh."

So considered, the bed becomes in our eyes a refuge from a crowd of daily toils—a sanatorium for debilitated workers—a mount of vision which imagination climbs, and from whence it looks over regions fairer than the material.

There are also the *temptations* of bed—temptations which, like so many others, spring out of pleasure. How very potently they operate on a stinging December morning, when the windows are covered with an enamel of crystals, and the water in the ewer is fairly turned into so much ice, and breath as if from the polar regions seems to penetrate the skin, as you venture to lift up your face from beneath the dainty coverlet! How very strongly persuasive, under such circumstances, is the temptation to imitate the sluggard!—"a little more sleep and a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep." And then there are the moral lessons and the moral victories suggested by all this, and achieved after all this. Indeed, a wonderful deal of imagination and poetry, of philosophy and practical wisdom, of moral suggestion and moral caution, may be gathered by thinking about beds; and, moreover, religious analogies and illustrations may be woven out of the subject. But that is not our purpose now. We intend to look at beds as mere works of art, and to converse a little about what we know of their history.

Among the most elaborate specimens of modern art, combining use and ornament, which attracted the eyes of so many millions in that great glass warehouse of the world not long since closed, were a number of bedsteads, varying from each other in both material and form. Some of them, in the hot afternoons, looked so temptingly comfortable, that we should not wonder if many a bedusted and weary visitor felt a wish to recline, for a short half hour, in resting-places so downy and overshadowed. But of them all there was not one so much noticed as the Austrian state bed. There it was, most curiously carved in locust-tree wood, crowded from foot to crown with statuettes and bas-reliefs, exhibiting the spiritual history of man from the fall to his redemption—a memento, we might say, of facts worthy of being amplified in every dream. Up rose these exquisitely-cut figures in symbolic arrangement; those illustrative of the sad story of

Adam's apostacy being placed on the foot-board, and those unfolding the mystery of our redemption covering the lofty head-piece. The whole surface was covered with devices of various kinds, threatening, however, no little injury to any one who at bedtime should put out his light before he stepped into the magic inclosure. Woe to him who might happen to stumble against the points and protuberances! The bravery of crimson hangings in damask and velvet, with fringe of gold, and the feathery ornaments surmounting the canopy, were only in rich keeping with all the rest.

Without depreciating the productions of other countries, that bedstead may be regarded as the perfection of bedsteads—the latest and most mature development of that province of useful and decorative art—the flower and crown of the upholstery of the nineteenth century, and therefore the ripe outgrowth of manifold processes and changes that have gone on for ages. So one is led to look back on the history of beds and bedsteads from the beginning, to trace the stages by which the cabinet-maker, and others concerned in this costly production, have arrived at their present eminence in design and execution. Specimens of the progress of the useful arts in some other departments were exhibited in the industrial palace. There was a series of shoes, from the primitive sandal up to the elastic boot of the latest fashion. And as to ships, all sorts were to be seen, from the canoe to the gallant steamer. It would have been amusing to see a row of beds, from their most primitive state to their modern comfort and elegance. Often in those cozy hours when, to use a significant expression of Sir Walter Scott, one lies "simmering in bed" on a frosty morning, have musings upon the probable progress of bed and bedding manufacture occupied our minds. We have thought of him who sung the sofa, through all the changes of "the rugged rock"—"the three-legged stool"—"the three made four, with twisted form vermicular"—"the new machine become a chair," "with back erect," "no want of timber felt or feared"—the invention of elbows, "by an alderman of Cripple-gate contrived," or "by a priest burly and big"—and the soft settee, one elbow at each end, and in the midst an elbow (so sit two kings of Brentford on one throne). "So slow," he says,

"The growth of what is excellent; so hard
To attain perfection in this nether world.
Thus, first, necessity invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow chairs,
And luxury, the accomplish'd sofa last."

We have thought of Cowper—so quiet a painter of still life, that no Dutch artist, however exact and natural, could excel him—and have wished that he had poetically traced the genealogy of beds and bedding down from their earliest and rudest parentage.

"The first bed was in Eden:"

so says Milton, in his "Paradise Lost;" and beautifully has he depicted it as decked,

"In close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs."

But this was a bed of nature's making; and so was Jacob's on the road to Padan-aram. The artificial bed is what we have now to trace through its his-

torical changes. The earliest beds were no doubt very simple, like those still used in the east—mere mattresses, which were spread out when repose was sought, and afterwards folded up and laid by. They were sometimes laid down in the open air, particularly on the flat tops of houses, where, beneath a covering, it was pleasant to spend the night, with cool breezes playing around and bright stars shining over-head. Beds of this light, portable description are often referred to in the scriptures. Such, unquestionably, are meant where we read of our Lord's calling upon the sick, at the moment of his healing them, to take up their bed and walk. These were beds without bedsteads: in this fashion of primitive simplicity they have ever been common among orientals; but the latter piece of furniture at an early period was invented and employed. All will remember the bedstead of Og, king of Bashan, which was a bedstead of iron, nine cubits long and four cubits broad; and the size of it is mentioned evidently to give an idea of the gigantic stature of the famous warrior-prince to whom it belonged. Taylor, in his edition of Calmet, overlooking the obvious design of the historian in mentioning the fact, tries to make it out that a divan is meant; that is, the raised part of the floor, where the ancients, like the modern Turks, used to recline on cushions placed against the wall. Michaelis renders it a *coffin*, and some of the rabbis say it was "a *cradle*," in which the baby Og was nursed. But, brushing away all these critical cobwebs, we find in the house of Og a veritable iron bedstead. Iron bedsteads, it seems, are now coming into fashion. They are wrought into forms, and are adorned with ornaments, which may vie with productions for the like use in wainscot and mahogany.

The first bedstead we read of is, as to its material at least, just like the bedsteads which are to be seen exhibited in Oxford-street, and which are so vigorously puffed off in advertisements as the fruits of recent practical wisdom. It is natural to go to the study of the antiquities of beds and bedding with the idea that we shall trace a gradual slow development of art; that it will be with the bed as with the sofa, "hard to attain perfection in this nether world;" but here, in the case of king Og, we see how actual history steals a march upon us, which is rather astonishing.

Other metals were early used for the same purpose. In the book of Esther we find allusion to beds of gold and silver—marks of the distinctive splendour of the Persian court. Alexander found the coffin of the great Cyrus deposited on a golden bedstead, and a bedstead of the same metal we know to have been a regal distinction among the Parthians, who in after times ruled Persia. Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus mention the beds of silver and gold which they saw in temples. Bedsteads, however, there were of wood as well as metal. A bed with a tester is mentioned in Judith xvi. 23, which, in connexion with other indications and the frequent mention of rich tapestries hung upon and about a bed, for luxuriousness and ornament, proves that such beds as are still used by royal and distinguished personages were not unknown under the Hebrew monarchy.* The

present customs of the east are the stereotyped expressions of the tastes and the usages of the most ancient times; and therefore we may infer that, in the remote ages to which the Hebrew Scriptures relate, there were, as there are now, bedsteads for the open air, somewhat in the shape of a tent, or a palanquin, or a summer-bower; and also bedsteads for the chamber, of palm branches woven together so as to form a slightly elevated platform of lattice-work. The bedding consisted of padded quilts, one for a mattress, and another for a covering; pillows were sometimes used; but some have supposed, from the story of Michael's taking one to make the searchers believe that David was sick, that these conveniences were confined to persons who were unwell. A veil of some sort was thrown over the face of the sleeper, to keep off gnats and mosquitoes. The ancient Jews, like the modern inhabitants of Palestine, rarely if ever changed their dress on going to bed.

The Egyptians have now beds of palm branches, of the description just mentioned, and no doubt they anciently had these and others of a more elegant kind. We know they had biers for the dead in the form of tasteful couches. A painting is preserved of one in the shape of a greyhound, the head serving for one end, the tail for the other, while the back was the resting-place of the outstretched body. There would probably be beds for the living not less ingeniously constructed. Their sumptuous chairs show they were elaborate cabinet-makers. They had head-stools, of various materials, with curved tops, the inside of the curve affording support to the head of the sleeper. The orientals reclined on beds when taking their meals, but the Egyptians did not use them for this purpose, but sat at table.

In the heroic age of Greece, beds were very simple. The poor slept on skins or heaps of leaves. A piece of coarse woollen sometimes economically served the double purpose of a cloak by day and a blanket by night. Cloth of a softer and more costly kind was used by persons of higher rank, both as a cushion for the chair and a covering for the bed. There are no traces of pillows or bolsters in the Homeric age. The Greeks, at an early period, had four-post bedsteads; by-and-by there are notices of head-boards and foot-boards, which were generally made of wood, sometimes veneered.

So full is the information given in the Greek classics respecting our subject, that we can easily picture a bed-room in Athens, with its appropriate furniture. Before the door hangs a costly carpet, woven in variegated colours on a Babylonian loom. The bedstead is of maple-wood, veneered. Some are of bronze—at a later period, of tortoise-shell. At the top there is fastened an ornamented board to support the head; girths are stretched across, to support the mattress, which is covered with linen, and sometimes with cloth or leather. The stuffing is of wool, or leaves; a striped cushion filled with feathers forms the pillow. Cloths, like our blankets, are used, surmounted by a splendid coverlet from Miletus, Corinth, or Carthage, where a brisk trade was carried on in the manufacture of these articles of luxury. In cold weather, furs are used; stuffed coverlets, too, somewhat like the eider-down beds of France and Germany. The feet of the bedstead peep forth from under the rich cover-

* Kitto's Cyclop. of Biblical Literature.

let, and are of carved ivory. The floor is covered with an Asiatic carpet, the east being famous for such articles; in fact, the orientals take the lead in all matters pertaining to the comfort of the sleeper, and they stoutly affirm that the Greeks do not know how to make a bed properly. A table of veneered maple, with three goats' feet of bronze, is placed just by the bedstead, and in one of the corners of the apartment is a Corinthian tripod, containing a copper coal-pan, to warm the room in chilly weather. Stools of ebony, with coloured cushions, complete the furniture of the comfortable and elegant chamber.*

We have very full information relative to the beds and bedding in use among the Romans. In the earlier times of the republic, they were probably of the same kind as those used by the Greeks; but when Asiatic luxuries had been introduced into Rome, the wealthy citizens, in the furniture of their bed-rooms, as in other respects, far exceeded their ancestors in splendour. In the paintings on the walls of Pompeii we see a restoration of Roman life. Taken in connexion with the disinterred remains, that old city comes before us in all the freshness of its palmy state. We are carried into the Italy of the early Cæsars. The antiquary can easily imagine himself entering the bed-room of a Roman house, fully furnished in a style which would equal modern notions of the tasteful: as pertaining to this application of the useful arts, the Roman chamber surpassed the Greek one in richness of ornament; but here we must confine ourselves entirely to a description of the bed. One is before us in an Italian painting. It is in form exactly like a French piece of furniture, without hangings or tester. It is exceedingly light and elegant, and resembles those which are now constructed of brass and iron. Tortoise-shell and ivory, we are informed, were used in their construction, and their feet were sometimes of silver, or even gold. The mattress is white, striped with violet and spotted with gilt stars; the cushion-like pillow is violet.† Feather-beds and blankets or counterpanes were in use among the Romans, and were often of purple, richly embroidered, with devices wrought in gold.‡ Curtains and canopies do not seem to be unknown. There were, at the time of which we speak, steps to ascend the beds; and on the toilets might be seen combs, earrings, gold pins, mirrors, and lamps; in short, all the assemblage of articles for use and ornament which are at the command of a modern *belle*.

Wherever the Roman arms carried victory, there were conveyed the arts and customs of the great mother city. Their modifications of Greek and oriental splendour were fully introduced wherever they planted their colonies; and, consequently, in our own country, especially in the chief colonial cities under the imperial sway, might be found villas with rooms and furniture of the kind just described. On the banks of the Thames, in the Roman London of the second and third century, were such comforts and luxuries familiar to the colonists.

With the irruptions of the Saxons and Danes, who crushed much of what lingered in our isle of Latin culture and civilization, a change came over

the domestic manners, abodes, and furniture of this country. There was a relapse into semi-barbarism. Fragments of Roman taste might remain, associated with what was coarse, rude, and comfortless. The bed-rooms of the early Anglo-Saxons did not contain, like those of their Roman predecessors, much that could invite the tenant to repose. Houses not always weather-tight, doors and shutters (for glass windows in domestic dwellings were unknown) neither well-fitted nor well-fastened, must have left the slumberer liable to the intrusion of the wind and rain. Matters, however, in this respect, mended as time rolled on. What were the exact arrangements with the beds that our very early Saxon forefathers slept upon, we do not know. There can be little doubt, however, that they were such as we should be exceedingly unwilling to change for our own snug ones in the nineteenth century. Illuminated manuscripts preserve pictures of old Anglo-Saxon beds. Some had testers and foot-boards; some had posts with a canopy resembling the roof of a house; while some were very much like our own old unfrenchified ones, with good solid cornices all round, and large thick hanging curtains attached to ponderous rings. A bed of the latter sort is represented on the frieze of Edward the Confessor's chapel at Westminster. In old Anglo-Saxon documents we have copious allusions to the appurtenances of the bed. There are wills preserved bequeathing bed-clothes and sheets, as things specially prized. An Anglo-Saxon lady gives to one of her children "two chests and their contents," "her best bed-curtain linen, and all the clothes belonging to it." To another she leaves "two chests, and all the bed-clothes that to one bed belong."§ There are also references to pillows and bolsters of straw, goat, and bear-skin coverings, and gilded fly-nets. Not to go to bed, but to lie on the floor, was enjoined as a penance;† but when in bed, it appears that people were so propped up by bolsters and pillows, that they lay half erect.

The illustrations of beds and bedding in the time of the Normans, and afterwards, do not differ essentially from those of the later Anglo-Saxon times. In the fourteenth century we find very rude specimens. In the reign of Henry III, however, one appears of modern look, surmounted with a tester, and guarded with curtains. In the fifteenth century we have examples of very tempting bed-chambers around tester and well-curtained beds: one contains a lady, who is evidently an invalid; there are attendants offering her refreshments, while a female, in a mitred head-dress, sits nursing an infant before a roaring fire. There is a hearth-rug; and the floor is covered with what looks like a check carpet, but may be meant to represent matted rushes. The beds and rooms of servants, and of the lower order of the people, were of course very different.

Then as to bedding, it appears to have resembled what was in fashion among the Anglo-Saxons. We read of blankets of fustian—one kind tufted all over. The word, we may observe, originally meant an under-garment of woollen in which persons slept instead of a shirt. Night-dresses are men-

* Becker's *Charicles*, p. 116.

† Pompeii, vol. ii. p. 87.

‡ Dr. Smith's *Dictionary*: *Lectus*.

§ Sharon Turner's *Anglo-Saxons*, vol. i.

† Fosbrooke's *Antiquities*, vol. i.

tioned in Anglo-Saxon times, but until the reign of Henry VIII their use was not very general. In those days persons put their treasures under the pillow, and did not lie down till they had taken a cupful of wine. Paul Hentzer, in his visit to Windsor in 1598, notices particularly the beds belonging to former princes as measuring eleven feet square, and as being covered with quilts shining with gold and silver. Queen Elizabeth's bed, however, enriched with curious embroidery, he speaks of as not so large as the others. Whatever might be the regal chambers, those appropriated to courtiers were rather uncomfortable; for in 1580, it is stated in the report of works, "that the maids of honour desired to have their chamber ceiled, and the partition of boards to be made higher." The chambers, too, of the gentlemen esquires were ruinous and cold, and required to be ceiled over-head and boarded under-foot.

But here we are a little wandering from the bed and bedding, though not passing beyond the chamber door. Of the beds and their furniture in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, there are choice specimens in different parts of the country. In Naworth Castle, Cumberland, there is the bed and bed-room of Belted Will, the famous warden of the marches—a rude affair; and besides, within the same building, there are other ancient beds of rich material and workmanship. Cawdor Castle in Scotland, Haddon and Hardwicke Halls in Derbyshire, Blickling in Norfolk, and Cothill in Cornwall, occur to us at the moment, as preserving within their time-worn apartments some choice illustrations of the beds and bedding used by our ancestors in the days when halls were hung with arras, and metal mirrors were used instead of looking-glasses. With the beds of the last century every one is familiar; and we well remember one, with a tester and hangings of dark-green stuff, in which we slept and dreamed away many a pleasant hour years gone by. Modern art, in this as in other departments, is merely producing the revival of old fashions, with divers confusions of detail and strange mixtures in ornament. If the Austrian bed, to which we now come back, stand eminent among modern works of that description, it is a comfort to know that, while debarred from couches of such cumbrous magnificence, the privation by no means diminishes the softness of our nightly repose, and the beauty of our busy dreams; that we who have good health and a clear conscience have no need to envy the state beds even of royalty itself; for, doubtless, what was said many years ago is still true (though thankfully we believe our lady Queen forms a happy exception), that

"Uneasy lies the head which wears a crown."

TRAVELLING IN ENGLAND IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.—Before the Revolution, the ordinary day's journey of a flying coach was about fifty miles in summer; but in the winter little more than thirty. The Chester coach, the York coach, and the Exeter coach, generally reached London in four days during the fine season; but at Christmas not till the sixth day. The passengers, six in number, were all seated in the carriage; for accidents were so frequent that it would have been most perilous to mount the roof. The ordinary fare was about 2*d.* a mile in summer, and somewhat more in winter.—*Macaulay.*

LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A., OF EILSTON.

CHAPTER II.

ANECDOTES OF A EILSTON EMIGRANT.—LOVE OF THE HOME COUNTRY.—THE KIND OF CHARACTERS THAT SUCCEED.—ENGLISH RESPECT FOR THE LAW, IN THE ARREST OF A MURDERER.—THE CHINESE ADVENTURERS.—ACCOUNTS FROM BENDIGO, THE MOST RECENTLY-DISCOVERED GOLD-FIELD.

I HAVE had a long chat this morning with a young man, one of my parishioners, who returned from Australia five weeks since, and who is to re-embark for Port Philip either to-night or to-morrow morning. If every emigrant that leaves our shores were like-minded with my young friend, the colony would flourish in a moral and religious as well as material point of view. He was at actual work in the diggings at Bendigo only twenty-four weeks, and during that period he and his partner realized and divided between them 2200*l.* Instead of squandering this money, what did our adventurer do? I will inform the reader. He had an old mother in England, left a widow, with his sister, about fifteen years old, and one brother. His mother and sister had striven hard to live, but had fallen behindhand in their rent, and in various ways suffered the pressure of want and poverty. They little dreamt that relief was on its way to them in the form of the absent son and brother, whom they often and fondly thought of and prayed for as one who was twenty thousand miles of weary sea apart from them. True, they had heard, in common with all the rest of the home-folks, of the gold-fields, where they dug up the precious metal in little jack-pits, like golden colliers, and of nuggets of the yellow idol that now and then were found smelted in some old antediluvian craters of extinct volcanoes, whence they ran off and hid themselves for untold thousands of years under the sand, gravel, slates, and clay strata of Australia. They had heard of these things in their rough way, and wondered whether their George had yet anything to do with them, and whether he was making a fortune like some other adventurers, or whether he had ever got safely over the vast seas that intervened between them and him, and that made their hearts ache to think of their depth and width, and how furious at times they were when the winds and waves took to flying into each other's faces. They often thought of these things, especially on boisterous nights, when the wind howled dismally over their chimney, as if it felt itself the pain which its fury inflicted; and the mother's heart shook like her shaking cottage when she thought her sea-boy might be in the blast.

It is not unlikely that they were brooding over this subject on that afternoon in November last, when the short days were looking down coldly and darkly upon the widow and her solitary little homestead, and when her bit of a fire in the grate was opening its languid eye as if it were dying of hunger, and begged hard and earnestly for a morsel of fuel. Whatever might have been their reflections, however, they were interrupted by a single tap at the door, followed immediately by the lifting of the latch, when, lo! in another moment George was in the arms of his mother. The fire was speedily replenished, and, after a fashion, the fatted calf was killed, his kinsmen were sent for, supper was laid, and neighbours dropped in one after another to see the live man

all the way from the gold country; and no wonder if they began to be merry.

Well, my young friend had learned "by heart," as it turned out, "the first commandment with promise—Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land!" So he bought six houses in a street near his mother's dwelling, conveying to her their rental as long as she lived, and put in her hands some 30% to pay for any little necessary repairs, depositing the remainder of his money in the bank, with directions for its interest to be paid to his mother. After five weeks' rest at home, he again committed himself to the long voyage back to the gold-fields, where the blessing and prayers of a happy and grateful mother will follow and abide with him so long as her affectionate heart shall beat.

There is a true nobility in such conduct as this, which commands the homage of every good man's admiration. That youth will return to his labour in the distant land with the pleasing recollection of having left his mother in peace and comfort, the result of his filial provision for her declining years. He has left the conveyance deeds of his houses with me, for safe custody until he comes back again, if God should see fit to spare his life. I rather liked him for that idea of coming back again, and looking upon old England as his home, and Australia, or any other isle, continent, or peninsula in the wide world, as only a lodging, or station, or halting-place in his pilgrimage, where he had something to earn, and bring it home to be spent; not, like a public-house frequenter, among strangers, and to enrich innkeepers, but at home, where wages, profits, and emoluments of all kinds should be brought, and laid in grateful, pious homage upon the shrine of the domestic hearth.

Well, the young man is gone again, and what has he resolved, by the grace of God, to do? Why, to work hard, but not "live hard," in the profligate's sense of living, but to be a "fast man" at his vocation, to save gold as well as dig it, and not to expect a grain of it without digging. Spade in hand, and tin pan slung over his shoulder, and tent pitched on the battle-field, he goes manfully to the fight, with all possible obstacles, disappointments, delays, and difficulties, resolved to delve on, and wash on, and prospect on, until he has undermined the secret hoards of Australian treasure, and compelled her to surrender at discretion to the indomitable perseverance of her besieger. If any of our readers contemplate the gold-trip, theirs must be a similar determination, or they had better stay where they are. It is true that the immense yield of gold is chiefly realized by the labouring classes, for even as regards the precious metals the rule holds good of the class above them—"they cannot dig;" but there is no getting the gold without either digging, or labouring in some other shape for them that dig. Many of the most fortunate diggers belong to the convict class; and the sudden and, in many instances, considerable accession of wealth in such hands has not been by any means favourable to the moral development of the colony. "Lightly come, lightly go," is the obvious motto of thousands. Intoxication and profligacy of various kinds prevail, setting authority and order at defiance; street robberies and violent assaults are of frequent occurrence,

whereby the towns and their suburbs are rendered unsafe for walking after dusk.

Still, as a set-off to this state of things, I was gratified on perusing a statement in the *Evening Mail* of December 8th, 1852, to the effect that, with all this lawlessness on the part of individuals, the public adherence to the law is unabated. The writer says: "English love of law and common sense predominate among the great majority of those adventurers from all parts of the empire who are now collected in Australia, without any organization that we can see, without a government, and almost without a police force. There is a good deal of thieving, especially of horses and cattle, but we meet with none of the scenes which have so frequently disgraced the gold-hunting population of California. The last crime at Bendigo gave occasion to a very satisfactory display of public feeling, and to still more satisfactory public action. A man had quarrelled with his mate and stabbed him thrice, in three parts of the body; the bystanders seized the murderer and bound him to a tree till next morning, when they delivered him up to the police! There is no mention of murder or aggravated robbery at the other diggings."

One peculiar feature in these modern gold discoveries is the fact of their having opened the jealous gates of China, at least for her own children to walk out, and perhaps preliminary to the children of other lands walking in. There is already a vast colony of Chinamen in California, and their numbers are increasing weekly in the Australian gold-fields. Their simple subordination to the authorities who have accompanied them, and who govern them by their own laws, is highly exemplary. They will see, alas! little to recommend the religion of the English in the heterogeneous mass of the diggers; but it is to be hoped some means may be speedily adopted to teach the poor Buddhists of China the difference between Christianity and the lives of many "who profess and call themselves Christians;" that thus, by the mercy of God, they who came seeking gold may find "the pearl of great price," and carry back in their own hearts and lives specimens of the precious discovery to their benighted and captive kinsfolk. The Chinese immigrants are described, in both the American and British diggings, as an orderly, sober, quiet, industrious people. A writer from Geelong says: "One Chinaman found a cheque in the bush and delivered it up to the police, and only one of them has been sent to the workhouse at Geelong as destitute and homeless."

The tide of speculation has now turned towards Bendigo. Every man who was dissatisfied with his gettings at other places, struck tent, shouldered pick and hoe, and marched off for Bendigo. Tatiara Gully appears to be one of the most productive of these new diggings. No one has yet left it who once began to work it. The metal is nearly all round and "nuggetty;" scarcely any is found in fine flakes, the sizes ranging from a pin's head to a horse-bean. Its singularly pale colour seems to indicate a considerable natural alloy of silver. If the conjecture be verified, there may yet be found fields of silver to compete with those of gold, which will tend to sustain the present relative values of these metals.

When my young friend before referred to reached Bendigo, the tents were few and the forest was dense; within a fortnight of his arrival, however, the forest was cleared away and consumed as fire-wood or used as tent-poles, while the gully, far and near, was covered with the locations of the miners. He complained bitterly of the scarcity of water, the nearest to be had being seven miles and a half distant, through the bush, with no road to the spot, and in consequence the horses suffered fearfully. A horse of his own, maddened with thirst, thrust its head into a little deserted hole where the slight exudations of moisture from the soil had left a foot or two of mud; it could not extricate itself until, by ropes passed round its neck, it was dragged out by another horse. Immediately, however, that it was at liberty, it rushed head foremost back again, and was suffocated before it could be again enlarged. My friend being accustomed to see our iron and lime-stone stacked about his native place, did the same here with his gold-soil, thereby avoiding the expense and labour of daily taking it down to the creek to be washed. He stacked on for two months in this way until the floods came, which, filling every gully-hole and channel, enabled him to wash at his leisure—at a time, too, when the rains prevented him from doing anything else. It was from this heap he and his "buddy" cleared 2000*l.* between them. Their example was afterwards followed by most of the district. He showed me a common pea-jacket, which, with waistcoat and trousers of strong but inferior cloth, cost him 11*l.*; and a pair of wellington boots, worth in England about 11*s.*, for which he was compelled to pay 3*l.* 5*s.*, or embark barefoot with his 1200*l.* He did not bring his money with him, which it is never safe to do, but consigned it through the usual channels of conveyance, by which precaution he received it, on payment of a reasonable percentage for commission, on his arrival in England. Our readers should advise their friends in Australia to remit their money through the authorized channel, and neither to trust any other nor bring it themselves, large sums having been not unfrequently lost in this way.

Bendigo is only about 105 miles from Port Philip, and a good road is in process of formation, or is perhaps completed by this date. The diggings are highly productive, several pounds of gold being ordinarily extracted from every cart-load of soil. Provisions, however, by the latest accounts, were dear. Flour generally fetched 20*l.* per bag of 200 lbs.; sugar 1*s.* 3*d.* per lb., and butter and cheese 3*s.* 6*d.* per lb. The escort conveying the gold from the diggings to the towns goes to and fro every week, and the weekly average from the Bendigo district exceeds 80,000 ounces, or about 360,000*l.* Another lugubrious correspondent writes: "It is pleasant to come out of the hole and hear the cradle-man say, 'Ten ounces each to-day, lads!' (that is, about 30*l.* each for the day's work). But it is very annoying, after three weeks' toil, to hear your mate say: 'A miserable half-ounce among four of us; the fifth hole done without a speck; funds almost exhausted, and a southerly wind in the flour-bags.'" Well, be it so; men must "take things as they come," or, rather, as *God sends them*, at home and abroad,

in gold-fields or coal-fields. Mining is not all plain sailing. Green rock, clunt, and other obstacles to profit, will be found in some shape or other in all trades. No man should venture out to the diggings expecting to get an ounce of gold without what we call in Staffordshire "*a hard scrap*." You must search wide, and dig deep, and wash well, and work hard, and sooner or later you will reap your yellow harvests. None need despair—this is the invariable and universal testimony now—who have courage, health, and perseverance to work, and moral character and prudence to husband their earnings.

My friend says, it is believed that there are upwards of 60,000 persons now working at the various diggings all over the colony, and that none but diggers or dealers with the diggers can afford to live. The commonest workmen are far better off than clerks or officials at salaries of 200*l.* a-year; such men are starved with present prices of rent, clothing, and provisions, while every handicraftsman is growing rich. For instance, a carter, with no other capital than his whip, makes 12*l.* a-week; his expenses perhaps are 4*l.*, and thus he saves, or could do so if he were sober, at least 416*l.* a-year, without including perquisites worth 100*l.* a-year more. A cab-driver makes his 30*l.* to 40*l.* a-week, or above 1400*l.* a-year. Masons and carpenters 1*l.* a-day, and few of them will work for so little. A load of water costs 18*s.*; a load of wood 4*l.*; a pair of shoes, worth at Stafford or Northampton 7*s.*, fetches 2*l.*; jack-boots for the diggings, 7*l.* Pistols, almost literally, are "worth their weight in gold." Some men's good fortune is almost fabulous. I was credibly informed that one man, who was one of a party of three diggers who worked together seven weeks, realized *each* 4300*l.* in the time. One of his brothers died the day after they shared their gold, and left him his share, making his amount 8600*l.*; and yet, six months afterwards, the third man had squandered or been plundered of his 4300*l.*, and returned to Mount Alexander or Ballarat as penniless as when he first visited it.

Instances of such large realizations of course are rare, and ought never to be calculated on; but it is painful to reflect upon the monstrous and profligate expenditure of money going on in the Australian towns. The letter of an Indian officer, in the *Times* of December 6th, 1852, dated from Melbourne, June, 1852, states: "There is no distinction of class here now; every man calls himself a gentleman; cabmen, porters, carters, policemen, and public-house keepers, in speaking to you, call themselves gentlemen, for they are quite as rich as any, much more so than most of the government officials. They say themselves, 'This is the poor man's country,' and that the gold has been sent by God to them alone, to give them their day. They don't interfere with 'swells,' as they call them, but look down upon them; they say that many a swell works as hard as they do, but it is scarcely known of any of them making money by digging, and this they imagine proves it was sent for the poor man. There is scarcely a man you meet in the streets who has not his pocket full of notes. The common waiters at the hotel we are living at get 200*l.* a-year each, and 'the boots' above 100*l.*!"

This state of confusion is highly prejudicial to the best interests of the colony, social as well as moral; and the sooner the home authorities interpose some salutary check upon the insubordination and excess which are rapidly disorganizing the whole fabric of the settlement, the better will it be for the settlers themselves and for their fellow-citizens who are yet to follow them. Mammon, alas! is the god of Australia! If the parent state does not vigorously address its powers and appliances to the better regulation of the mischiefs and disorders of the present condition of the colony, she will be only getting rid of her children here by making them to pass through the fire to the Moloch there!*

THE NEGRO LIBERATOR OF HAYTI.

SECOND PAPER.

AT the close of our former paper we left Toussaint l'Ouverture in possession of almost regal power and magnificence, and seeking by wise counsels and beneficent measures to consolidate the conquests he had achieved. Having restored to the land a happier condition than it had for years enjoyed, he became anxious to give some guarantee of its permanence beyond what was afforded by his own life, which at the best could not be long protracted. This was for him an hour of strong temptation. From the undoubted ascendancy which he had acquired over all former antagonists and rivals, from the homage with which he was universally greeted, and with a victorious army devotedly attached to his person, nothing would have been easier for him than to have seized upon the sovereignty of the island. He might have become the Napoleon of the blacks; he chose, however, rather to be a Washington. In declining the crown, and resting satisfied with the presidency, he clearly showed the disinterestedness of his great mission. Prominent among the measures contemplated by Toussaint for the perpetuation of the benefits so recently and hardly won, was the formation of a constitution. To draw up the draft, a deliberative council was appointed—not of blacks, but of white proprietors and mulattoes; and as a further proof of the purity of his patriotism and his self-abnegation, he suffered Borgella, the mayor of Port-au-Prince, to preside over the board. In

this constitution, it is worthy of curious remark that the principles of free trade were distinctly proclaimed, thus anticipating that great feat of English legislation by nearly half a century. Having been made public and accepted amid solemn formalities and general joy, the draft was transmitted to the First Consul, to receive the sanction and imprimatur of the French Republic.

Napoleon, at this time flushed with his almost unparalleled victories, and revolving in his ambitious mind schemes of gigantic aggrandizement, unhappily regarded Toussaint with a jealous eye. He could not endure a rival in his greatness. The brilliancy of his own fame seemed dimmed in his eyes by the glory won by a negro chieftain. So far, therefore, from wishing to strengthen the position and confirm the authority of his black compeer, he was rather disposed to humble him, and even seriously meditated the re-establishment of slavery. To effect this work of reaction, he proposed to send out a portion of the large army which, after the treaty of Amiens, had returned to France, and whose presence he dreaded as likely to traverse his ambitious designs. The cabinet of the Tuilleries was besieged by expatriated colonists, who, regretting the opulence they had lost, were clamorous for the subjugation and punishment of the slaves. The wise and just, however, earnestly dissuaded the First Consul from so perilous an enterprise. Especially was the voice of the minister Forfait loudly raised against the wicked project. But he was silenced by the significant answer, "There are 60,000 men that I want to send to a distance."

Bent on carrying out his designs, Bonaparte, on the 20th of May, 1801, published the decree which replaced the French colonies in their former state, and which abrogated all laws opposed to the existence of the slave trade. Convinced of the imprudence of this retrograde step, he afterwards qualified it by excepting Hayti and Guadaloupe from the operation of the decree. At the same time, however, Napoleon attempted to deceive the inhabitants of Hayti, and lull them into a state of false security as regarded their contemplated doom. Among the discreditable means to which he resorted to compass his hypocritical object, one of them is thus referred to by Dr. Beard:—

"There were in Paris two young men who looked on the arrangements for the expedition, which they saw everywhere proceeding, with anxiety and alarm. These were Isaac and Placide l'Ouverture, sons of the liberator of Hayti, whom, as a testimony of his confidence, and a pledge of his fidelity, their father had sent to Paris for their education. They both resided in the College La Marche, of which Coasnon was the principal. The consul judged it politic to throw a veil over their eyes. Intending to destroy the father, he had no scruples of conscience about deluding the sons. Coasnon, their teacher, being gained over, assured the young men that the French government had none but pacific views. A few days afterwards, he received a letter from the minister of marine, apprising him that the consul wished to see and converse with his pupils before their departure. Repairing to the minister's residence, they received in the presence of Coasnon a confirmation of his statement, that the intentions of the government were of a friendly nature. They were then conducted to Bonaparte, who, the better to conceal his real purposes, received them in a flattering manner. Having ascertained which of the two was Toussaint's own son, he said to him:—'Your father is a great man; he has rendered eminent services to France. You will tell

* By way of counterpart to some of the favourable representations given above, it is right to add the following testimony of one well conversant with Australian life and experiences:—"Now regarding persons emigrating to these colonies, I, from experience, say that the working man, the mechanic, and the tradesman, are the only fit persons to venture here; the gentleman without capital, the clerk, etc., are in as bad a position as the pauper at home, and are not wanted; and as to persons in either of the last-named positions giving up situations of only 100*l.* a-year, if permanent, they will bitterly regret the day they made so fatal a step. I say this to place you on your guard against being led away or advising others to act in the way I mentioned. There is no doubt there is a great deal of gold in the fields, but still it is not every person who is successful. Though some make hundreds, many more work for months and make not a penny. You can hardly imagine the difficulties a digger has to contend with in winter, from the roads being almost a bog for ten and twelve miles together, so that the party who is travelling gets over his knees in mud and water, and sometimes up to his neck, and it actually requires a man to pull you out, the mud is so tenacious. Then there is the company at night, should you not reach an inn, and the sleeping in a blanket or rug, expecting every moment to be roused up and robbed by bushrangers."

him that I, the first magistrate of the French people, promise him protection, glory, and honour. Do not think that France intends to carry war to St. Domingo; the army which it sends thither is destined not to attack the troops of the country, but to augment their numbers. Here is General Leclerc, my brother-in-law, whom I have appointed Captain-General, and who will command that armament. Orders have been given for you to arrive at St. Domingo a fortnight before the fleet, to announce to your father the coming of the expedition." On the next day, the delusion was carried still farther, for the minister of marine, as a kind of practical assurance how well Toussaint and his children stood with the highest authorities, entertained the young men at a magnificent repast; and shortly after, in order to complete the farce by an appeal to negro vanity, he, in the name of his government, presented to them a superb suit of armour, and a rich and brilliant military costume."

The armament destined for Hayti was on the most costly and imposing scale. It consisted of 21 frigates and 35 vessels of war, which had on board all the best sailors of France, commanded by Villaret Joyeuse. The fleet also bore an army composed of the veteran campaigners of the Alps, Italy, the Rhine, and the Nile. As the vessels sailed from different ports at different periods, the gathering at Samana, the appointed place of rendezvous, occupied several weeks. "On hearing that a fleet was approaching the island, Toussaint threw the bridle over his horse's neck, and galloped to Cape Samana to reconnoitre the squadrons. Unversed in marine affairs, he at first took the manœuvring for hesitation. But as the vessels anchored in their several places, having never seen so large a fleet before, he was struck with astonishment, and, feeling for a moment discouraged, he exclaimed to his officers:—"We must perish; all France is coming to St. Domingo; it has been deceived—it comes to take revenge and enslave the blacks."

The island was at length invested, without any declaration of war being made, or any negotiations being opened—a mode of procedure that placed Toussaint in circumstances of great perplexity. He made, however, such military arrangements as his equivocal position permitted. The main squadron, under the direction of Leclerc, proceeded against Cape City, of which the commander attempted to gain possession under the guise of friendship. A flattering message was sent to General Christophe, one of Toussaint's officers, whose prompt reply was couched in these emphatic words: "No, sir; I cannot listen to any proposition without the orders of the governor. The proclamations you bring breathe despotism and tyranny. I shall go and administer to my soldiers an oath to maintain our liberty at the peril of their lives." Allurements, threats, and intrigues were tried alike unavailingly. When urged, on another occasion, to surrender the city, he replied: "Go and tell your general that the French shall march here only over ashes—and even on these ashes I will fight still."

"Afraid lest Christophe should carry his threat into execution and set Cape City on fire, Leclerc resolved to take the enemy in the rear by landing his forces in the Bay of Aenl. But the movement of the vessels and the noise of the cannon spread on all sides tumult and alarm. Burning plantations announced that flames would soon rise from the town. Christophe, threatened by sea and by land by two bodies of foes, determined to set fire to the Cape. After distributing torches to his soldiers, and to all

who were devoted to so sacred a cause, he called the almighty Protector of liberty to witness that he was driven to extremity, and commenced the conflagration with his own residence, decorated in a costly manner by the arts of luxury. An ocean of flames rose in the air; roofs fell in all on fire; and in those flames the black man saw the preservation of his liberty. The appearance of the fleet, the blood of blacks and whites flowing on two parts of the coast, terror, confusion, the loss of so much wealth, awoke in all hearts the former furies of freedom and slavery. At the sight of the flames, which changed night into day, those passions painted themselves on white as well as black countenances. But no cries, no complaints, were heard. Only fingers were pointed to the high lands above the Cape where freedom might find an asylum. The flight took place in silence, as if vengeance was deferred in order to be more terrible. An explosion of a powder magazine crowned that work of courage and despair."

Thus were enkindled the flames of a new and terrible war, that has seldom been exceeded in extent of calamity and sacrifice of human life. The fine army of France was harassed and thinned by desultory conflicts in ravines and on mountain passes, enervated by the climate, and desolated by pestilence. The troops, it is true, gradually gained possession of the chief positions of the island, though seldom until towns, cities, and defences had been reduced to ashes by the blacks, who retreated in strength to the fastnesses of the hills. While entrenched in these strongholds of nature, Leclerc, mortified at the barrenness of all his conquests, opened a negotiation with Toussaint, craftily employing his two sons, together with their tutor, for that purpose. M. Coasnon, the preceptor of the young men, presented to Toussaint a letter from the First Consul—a compound of cajolery and menace. Having perused the document, the liberator began his reply by remarking: "You, M. Coasnon, must confess that the words and the letter of the First Consul are altogether in opposition to the conduct of General Leclerc; those announce peace—he makes war on me." His children, whom he tenderly loved, pleaded earnestly with him, and the conference was prolonged far into the night. But although the father struggled with the liberator, and brought a flood of tears from his eyes, yet the liberator ultimately overpowered even the father, and exacted the sternest regard to public duty. The conclusion of this affecting heart-struggle is thus touchingly described by our author:—

"His sons threw themselves into his arms, imploring him to yield. Their tears and their caresses failed to move him. Remaining inflexible, he merely repeated, 'My children, make your choice; whatever it is, I shall always love you.' At length his own son Isaac, detaching himself from his father's arms, exclaimed, 'Well, behold in me a faithful servant of France, who can never resolve to bear arms against her.' Placide, Isaac's uterine brother, manifested indecision. Toussaint, petrified, gave his paternal benediction to Isaac, whom he gently put away from him. Meanwhile Placide, overpowered, threw himself on his father's neck, and sobbing, said, 'I am yours, father; I fear the future, I fear slavery; I am ready to fight against it; I renounce France.' Immediately l'Ouverture invested him with the command of a battalion of his guard, whom a few days after he led against the invaders. With all Toussaint's affection for his own son, Isaac, he was unable to bring himself to offer the least opposition to his joining the French. A mother's tenderness, however, knows few claims but those of natural affection, and impelled by that powerful sentiment, Toussaint's wife succeeded in causing Isaac to change his determination. The young man wrote that he was prevented from returning to the Cape by his mother's urgent entreaties."

Finding himself thus disconcerted and defeated, Leclerc again took the field with 25,000 men, in three divisions, with the intention of overwhelming his antagonist. The plan, however, was frustrated by a check given by Toussaint to Rochambeau in a ravine through which his troops were compelled to pass. This repulse of the invaders enabled Toussaint to rescue his family, and forward them to an unassailable retreat in the mountains. The advantage thus gained, however, was but temporary; for, after exploits of bravery only to be paralleled by the patriotic resistance of the Swiss mountaineers, he and his army were compelled to give way before the tactics and military resources of the conquerors of Europe. Two of his most distinguished officers, moreover, Christophe and Desalines, despairing of success in the cause for which they fought, at length listened to suggestions of accommodation from Leclerc, and took commissions in the French army. This defection deeply grieved Toussaint, and disposed him to accept conditions of peace. Leclerc proffered to the veteran the government of St. Domingo, but the offer was declined, Toussaint expressing a wish to spend the remainder of his days in retirement and in the bosom of his family. Accordingly, after a public ceremonious interview with Leclerc, to ratify this happy reconciliation, the noble old man, amid the benedictions of the people who thronged his steps, retreated to the fertile and delightful valley of Ennery.

A short time only had elapsed since these events transpired, when, as if to avenge the crimes that had so long defaced this fair and fruitful island, the yellow fever broke out with unusual virulence. Nothing could resist its ravages. It defied all remedies. In some it produced excessive melancholy, and in others an utter abandonment to gambling, intoxication, and voluptuousness. Military discipline disappeared, the sense of religion was extinguished, and death reaped a terrible harvest. According to authentic tables, there died 1500 officers, 20,000 soldiers, 9000 sailors, 14 generals, and no fewer than 700 medical men. Thus, what the war spared, the pitiless pestilence swept away.

By this calamity one great obstacle in Napoleon's path to the imperial throne was removed. Another consisted in the freedom of the blacks, which, by fostering hopes of independence, was calculated to endanger the colonial system of France. It was, however, in vain to expect the subjugation and enslavement of the Haytian negroes so long as Toussaint lived on the island. His seizure and deportation to France were accordingly determined on. This perfidious measure could only be carried out by falsehood and dissimulation. After numerous unsuccessful attempts to produce a state of disagreement, which was designed to furnish a pretext for his arrest, he received from General Brunet a letter, full of deceitfulness, inviting him to a conference upon political matters. With the guilelessness of an open nature, he went, not suspecting the depths of treachery into which he was about to be ensnared. "Proceeding on his journey, he met Brunet on the plantation called Georges, where the general was waiting for him. For some time they conversed together. Then Brunet begged to be excused, and

left the room. The next moment there entered from eighteen to twenty officers, with drawn swords and pistols in their hands. Toussaint l'Ouverture took them for assassins, and arose. He drew his sabre, resolved to sell his life dearly. Then the colonel, who was at the head of the band, seeing that he waited for them with intrepidity, advanced toward him with his sword lowered, and said, 'General, we have not come here to attempt your life. We have merely the order to secure your person.' At these words Toussaint put his sword back into the scabbard, saying, 'The justice of Heaven will avenge my cause.'

At midnight, the prisoner was taken on board the "Creole," from which he was transferred to the "Hero," which had been prepared for his reception and transport to France. In a day or two, all the members of his family were also secured, and placed on board the same vessel. As the mountains of his native land receded from view, it is said that Toussaint, fixing his straining eyes on their familiar outlines, exclaimed: "They have only felled the trunk of the tree (of the freedom of the blacks); branches will sprout, for the roots are numerous and deep." During the voyage, with an inexcusable severity, he was denied all intercourse with his family, and was kept constantly confined to his cabin, rigorously guarded. On reaching Brest, the First Consul, dissembling his intentions no longer, gave full expression to his enmity. Toussaint was immediately hurried on shore, after a brief and heart-rending interview on deck with his wife and children, whom he was to meet no more in this life. Only his servant was allowed to accompany him. In the first instance, he was taken to Paris, under a strong escort, and lodged in the Temple; and from thence, without any interview with Napoleon or his ministers, and without the slightest explanation, he was hurried away into the department of Jura, and consigned to one of the dungeons of the castle of Joux—a prison in which Mirabeau had suffered incarceration not many years before. In this dungeon—cold, fireless, damp, gloomy, and lonely; all communication with the outer world shut out; his only earthly solace the presence of his faithful domestic, and even of that privilege latterly deprived; tantalized with hopes of a public trial, which was never to be granted; and occupying some portion of his tedious leisure in penning the most touching appeals for justice to the inflexible Consul—did the great negro chieftain end his days, after enduring the rigours of confinement for the space of about eight months. Most historians charge Bonaparte with having had resource to foul and dastardly means to accelerate the death of this brave man; and, from the evidence supplied in the book before us, there seems too much probability of the truth of the allegation. The inhospitable character of the prison itself must have undermined the most robust constitution in a very short period; but as if the work of destruction was not thus carried on with sufficient rapidity, it was accelerated by an insufficient supply of food. Dr. Beard thus depicts the consummation of Napoleon's vengeance:—

"The governor twice took a journey to Neufchâtel, in Switzerland. The first time he entrusted the keys of Toussaint's cell to Captain Colomier, whom he appointed to fill his place in his absence. Colomier visited the noble

prisoner, who spoke to him modestly of his own glory, but with indignation of the design imputed to him of having wished to deliver St. Domingo up to the English. His emaciated and feeble hands were engaged in writing a paper intended to disprove that groundless charge. The officer found Toussaint in a state of almost absolute privation. A little meal was his only food, and that he had to prepare himself in a small earthen jug. But Colomier had a heart: he pitied the destitution of a man who had had at his command the opulence of St. Domingo. His humanity made him unfit for his office, and ascertaining that the captive accounted the want of coffee among his chief privations, he ventured at his own risk to furnish a small supply.

"When the governor returned, he found that Toussaint l'Ouverture was still alive. In a short time he took a second journey to the same town, and for the same purpose; and as he suspected that Colomier's good nature had interfered with his duty, he said to him, on leaving, with a disquieted countenance, 'I entrust to you the guardianship of the castle; but this time I do not give you the keys of the dungeons: the prisoners have no need of anything.'

"The governor returned on the fourth day. Toussaint was no more. He ascertained the fact. Yes, there he is—dead; no doubt whatever—dead and cold. He has died of inanition. And see, if you have courage to look on so horrible a sight—the rats have gnawed his feet!

"The work is done—the crime is perpetrated. Bonaparte's will is law: his word is death. But murder is a word of evil sound. The world, with all its depravity, has a moral feeling, and that moral feeling it is impolitic to outrage. A veil must be thrown over the assassination.

"Toussaint is dead;—how came he by his death?"

"The governor, on learning that his captive had breathed his last, carried some provisions into his dungeon. Who now can say that Toussaint had been starved to death? He died in the midst of abundance. This was the governor's own plea. But he deprived that plea of its effect by his eagerness to obtrude and make the most of it; and he betrayed his guilt by his looks and manner. Yes, he was distressed at Toussaint's sudden departure—he bewailed the event. But hypocrisy ever overacts its part. Besides, the governor was not thoroughly depraved; and that which he would have men regard as the sadness of a virtuous heart in mourning, they saw to be the ragings of a conscience smitten with a sense of guilt; his cheeks put on a livid paleness; his steps were hasty and uncertain; his eyes were wild. . . . But the keys of the dungeon were in his possession; and the words, 'The prisoners want nothing,' and the food recently carried thither; these facts—known to our authority, and known to Captain Colomier, and known to other inmates of the castle—declare that murder has been committed. Yes, now we see why Mars Plaisir has been sent away. And now we see why this remote, solitary, wild, and freezing prison has been chosen. And now we see why Toussaint l'Ouverture was entrapped. The series of crimes is consummated."

In perusing the foregoing outline of the career of Toussaint, the reader can scarcely fail to be reminded of the remarkable parallel to it presented by the more recent history of Abd-el-Kader. The issues of their respective imprisonments, however, we are glad to observe, afford as striking a contrast; for while the hero of Hayti was undoubtedly sacrificed to the jealousy and ambition of the unscrupulous uncle, the chivalric chief of Algeria has been suffered to depart into honourable exile by the imitative and equally determined nephew. Whatever may have been the motives leading to this change of policy, it cannot but be regarded with satisfaction by every sympathizing friend of the fallen brave. And we trust that the time will never come when a deed similar to that perpetrated upon the negro patriot shall again disgrace the civilization, the humanity, and the religion of Europe.

Before taking leave of the work under notice, we

feel bound to remark that Dr. Beard has sometimes, in the warmth of his indignation against slavery, suffered the spirit of the advocate to impart a depth of colouring to his narrative not compatible with the calm impartiality of the historian. In the long unsuccessful struggles of the blacks we see another illustration of the inferiority of physical to moral power, and also of the utter incompatibility of liberty with Roman catholicism, which at the period under consideration was the religion of the island of Hayti. It is only as a community is permeated with evangelical principles and bible truth that it can ever become, or continue to be,

"Great, glorious, and free."

THE INCOGNITO.

[ALTERED FROM THE FRENCH.]

PRINCE GEORGE, the heir to the crown of Moldavia, had just accomplished one of those tours of Europe by which modern heirs-presumptive complete their education. Unfortunately, in this journey from court to court, where he had in every place been received with a kind of ovation, the young prince had seen only what had been shown to him; that is to say, that which could give him pleasure, and not that from which he could derive instruction. His preceptor, Marco Aski, one of those sycophants who maintain that, in order to make a rapid progress, it is necessary to walk upon one's knees, had carefully surrounded him with whatever could flatter his pride. In vain did the prince change his abode; he seemed to carry everywhere with him an atmosphere of falsehood and flattery. Nevertheless, he had been so happily endowed by nature, that his good disposition had been able to resist the effects of this bad education. In presenting him with false impressions of life, they had not been able to deprive him of the faculty of seeing; deceived as to what was truth, he preserved the wish to know it. This blindness, however, was only ignorance; all that was required was to remove the cataract, as it were, with which his courtiers had obscured his mind.

The intelligence of the death of his uncle, to whose sovereignty he succeeded, had reached him in Greece, the last station of his pilgrimage, and he hastened to return to Moldavia, by ascending the Danube. He left behind him his suite and his baggage, and was accompanied only by his preceptor, with whom he travelled incognito.

They had just stopped at a little inn situated on the banks of the Pruth. Marco Aski communicated to the prince the arrangements he had made for continuing their route. The last post-chaise had left an hour before their arrival; no private boat could be hired; and unless they made up their minds to wait indefinitely for another conveyance, they had no other resource than the public passage-boat which ascended the river daily, carrying passengers from both sides of the water.

"Well, we will go in the passage-boat," said the prince; "I am anxious to avoid the slightest delay. Besides, this way of travelling appears to me the most convenient."

"Your highness had perceived with your usual ability all the advantages offered by the voyage," said Marco, whose obsequious smile applauded the

slightest words or motions of his pupil; "but I must also represent the inconveniences. There is only one cabin in the vessel; your highness will therefore be obliged to mix with the other travellers."

"What does that signify? You always forget our incognito, Aski, and you will betray it to all the world. I cannot prevail upon you to call me George only."

"Excuse me," said the preceptor; "but if I were allowed to justify myself, I should say that it is not my fault. Your highness has such an air of distinction, that no one can forget your rank. Your plain costume cannot prevent your looking like a prince. Just now I overheard the innkeeper expatiating upon the beauty of your features, and the elegance of your manners."

"The innkeeper must have been aware that you were listening," said the prince gaily; "he wished to make himself agreeable; but you may depend upon it he will carry this flattery to our account in his bill."

"Really, nothing escapes your highness's penetration," cried Marco with admiration. "You read the very hearts of people. Carry praises to an account! that is one of the most sparkling *bon-mots* I ever heard; if it were known at Paris, it would be in all the journals to-morrow."

"Enough, enough, Marco; your partiality for me resembles blindness. When will the boat arrive?"

"In an hour. I forgot to mention to your highness that the innkeeper has given me some uneasiness respecting the navigation of the Pruth. It seems that, during the last year, banditti have infested the river and robbed some vessels."

"Come, now, you are trying to frighten me, Aski."

"I never attempt impossibilities; your highness's courage is too well known. I only thought I ought to tell you the truth. As to the rest, your highness knows I am ready to follow you, if it were to Siberia; you have only to say, '*Sic volo; sic jubeo*.'"

"Well, you do not finish your sentence," rejoined the prince; "continue the verse, '*sit pro ratione voluntas*.'† A poor reason, Aski, and one with which I hope I shall never content myself."

Marco made a gesture of astonishment. "Your highness will at least permit me to admire your recollection of your Latin."

"You taught it to me, Aski, as well as everything else."

"And I am proud of my work. I dare say your highness is not less superior to other men by your acquirements than your birth."

"Here is the boat," interrupted the prince. "Settle quickly with the innkeeper, while your old pupil waits for you on the shore."

Although the habit of hearing himself praised had given the prince a favourable opinion of himself, he had sufficient good sense and sincerity to question sometimes his own merits. The praises which his old preceptor had just lavished so indiscriminately upon his beauty, his elegance, his talents, his courage, and his information, left him

somewhat in uncertainty; not that he did not wish to believe he possessed all these advantages, but he would like to have seen them established by good evidence. The voyage on the Pruth would be a favourable opportunity. Unknown to every one, he would be valued only for his own worth; he would at length know the truth respecting himself. He again commanded Aski, and this time seriously, to do nothing which could betray them, and entered the bark, which resumed its course up the river.

The passengers were numerous, and appeared to belong to all classes. There were labourers, merchants, rich landholders, an old German officer, and some young girls of different ranks. Among the latter was one whose pleasing manners attracted the notice of the prince. Many of the passengers had approached her one after another, and had entered into conversation with her, and she became insensibly the queen of a little court where cheerfulness seemed to have taken up its abode. Prince George approached in his turn; but, contrary to what he had been accustomed to, no one made room for him. He attempted to speak, his neighbour interrupted him; he hazarded a witticism, no one thought himself obliged even to smile. Surprised at first, our Moldavian felt piqued at this unexpected indifference, and attempted to deliver himself of some *bon-mots*; but they were replied to with a dexterity so amusing and graceful, that the laugh was turned against the disconcerted jester. The prince, much surprised, was obliged to turn on his heel, and beat a retreat towards a countrywoman, who had listened at a distance to the attack and retorts, and who, like the rest, had smiled at his expense.

"Sit down there, my poor innocent," said the fat woman, making room for him; "you have found them too much for you; but you must not let that worry you: wit, like velvet, is not for everybody; still we ought to know how to do ourselves justice, and not seek disputes with those who carry steel swords, while we have only a wooden one ourselves."

George looked at the countrywoman with a mixture of astonishment and humour. "You do not know, perhaps, that the young man who sat at the right hand of the young girl, and at whom you laughed, was her betrothed! Ah! indeed, you did not shine just now by the side of him, my poor fellow! I am sure you are a good sort of youth, but he looks like a prince!"

George rose abruptly, with the intention of rejoining Marco and the old German officer, with whom he began to converse; but he soon found he had to deal with one of those learned punctilious people, who, having a correct knowledge of different things, will not pass over any inaccuracy in others. In the space of a few minutes the old officer had detected, in the conversation of the prince, three historical errors, as many mistakes in the principles of natural philosophy, and I do not know how many solecisms in language. The prince, much out of humour, put an end to the conversation; but, as he went away, he heard the German complaining to Aski of the defective education of young people.

Up to this point his experience had been unfavourable. The opinions of his preceptor on his

* So I wish; so I order.

† Let my wish supply the place of a reason.

majestic appearance, his talents, his learning, and his beauty, did not appear to have made many proselytes. He found the lesson so much the harder as it was entirely unexpected, and he could not forbear feeling some degree of mortification. To descend from one's pedestal is always a difficult operation, even for the most modest; so our Moldavian sat down by the prow in no very agreeable humour.

The shades of night began to descend over the river, the deserted banks of which were with difficulty distinguished. The greater number of the passengers, attracted by the freshness of the evening, had left the cabin. The boat was just entering a narrow strait between two islands, the trees on which intercepted the last gleams of light from the sky. They had reached the narrowest part of the passage, when three boats darted out of the plantation of willows which extended on each side, and rapidly approached the passage-boat. The captain, perceiving them, uttered a cry of warning—"The bandits of the river!" But before he could complete the sentence the boats had come up, and a dozen men rushed upon the deck of the passage-boat.

For a moment the passengers were overcome with surprise and fear, and the pirates took advantage of this to rob the most wealthy of their clothes and jewels. They were beginning to ransack the baggage, which was collected into a heap at the entrance of the cabin, when a young man, who was standing there with his betrothed, rushed out, sabre in hand, exciting his companions to defend themselves. The prince, who was at first surprised like the others, heard his appeal, and repeated it as he threw himself upon one of the bandits. Their example was followed by the crew, then by some of the passengers; and, after a struggle of some minutes' duration, the defeated pirates precipitately returned to their boats, and fled as fast as their oars would permit.

The combat, though sharp, had been too brief to occasion any loss of life, though some of the combatants had been wounded. The wound which the prince had received in his arm, without being dangerous, had caused him to lose much blood. The betrothed of the young man to whom we have referred was occupied in bandaging it with her handkerchief, when the preceptor, who had disappeared at the commencement of the fight, unrolled himself very cautiously from a piece of sail-cloth which had been used as a tent during the day, and saw her trying to stop the blood.

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed, in a tone of terror. "Your highness is wounded!"

"It is nothing," replied the prince, smiling. "But where did you come from, Aski?"

Instead of replying, the preceptor rushed towards him, with exclamations of despair.

"What! have the wretches dared to lay their hands upon your highness?" cried he. "Your highness is covered with blood! Quick, pilot! land at the first village! Get remedies, get a doctor! It is prince George, gentlemen; remember you are answerable for the life of your prince!"

At this declaration, there was raised in the vessel a general cry of surprise, which was followed by a respectful silence. All the passengers, taking off their hats, retired to a distance. Marco

Aski approached, with his hands clasped together and his eyes raised to heaven.

"It is entirely the fault of your highness," cried he. "You would listen only to your courage; when all the others fled, you alone made head against the bandits; to you we owe our deliverance."

"You are mistaken, Marco," interrupted the prince with severity. "I gave way to fear at first, as well as the others."

Then, taking the hand of the young man, he added: "Behold him who set us an example by his firmness; he has just proved that he is entitled to the highest praise for courage as well as for other qualities. The remembrance of this day will never be effaced from my mind; it has taught me the value of a prince deprived of his externals. A young girl has cured me of my pretensions to wit; an old officer has proved to me my ignorance; a brave stranger has surpassed me in courage; and a prudent matron has acknowledged to me that I only looked like a good sort of youth. Henceforth I shall consider myself such; I shall try to deserve this title, and shall never forget the lesson in humility which I owe to my incognito."

It is not recorded what became of the sycophant Aski, to whom it is to be feared there are many counterparts in the world; but we have it on the highest authority, that "a lying tongue hateth those that are afflicted by it, and a flattering mouth worketh ruin."

BRIDGING THE NILE.—The editor of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, now on a visit to Egypt and Nubia, gives the following account of the bridge in progress of construction across the Nile, near Cairo.

A French engineer is constructing a strong, beautiful bridge across the river, where the water is both deep and swift. The arches are of large brick. Another appears to be building over the Damietta branch, as seen in the distance. Mud machines, all iron, worked by steam; pile-drivers, and machinery of all kinds suitable for carrying on a heavy business; besides immense piles of stones, brick, timber, and other materials, independently of labourers, soldiers, carts, horses, boats, and mules, give the spot, for six miles round, an active and bustling appearance. Six years, we are informed, have elapsed since the piers were commenced. This is the first bridge, it is believed, over the Nile. It was commenced by Mohammed Ali, some years since, and a fear is entertained that it will never be finished. The diving bell is an extraordinary machine, with which sixty men are at once sunk to the river bed to drive piles, lay the foundation-stones, etc. The water, at the lowest point, is thirty feet deep, and the mud thirty more below that, down through which the foundation of the pillar is sunk, in iron boxes, till its weight lodges on the firm bottom. The whole length of piers, ready for receiving the arches, is 90 feet—30 above high water. Last season 25,000 men were employed, at present only 2,000, the Pacha having used up his funds in building and furnishing costly palaces in all directions. Every three months the governor of a district is called upon for a certain number of villagers, for this public work.

GET UP.—That time is ill-spent which some luxurious people pass in a morning between sleeping and waking, after nature has been fully gratified. He who is awake may be doing something; he who is asleep is receiving the refreshment necessary to fit him for action; but the hours spent in dozing can hardly be called existence.

Useful Counsels.

ON THE PRICE OF THINGS.—Whenever I want anything I always ask the price of it, whether it be a new coat or a shoulder of mutton, a pound of tea or a ball of pack-string. If it appears to be worth the money, I buy it, that is if I can afford it; but if not, I let it alone; for he is no wise man who pays for a thing more than it is worth.

But not only in the comforts of food and clothing, but in all other things, I ask the same question; for there is a price fixed to a day's enjoyment as well as to an article of dress, to the pleasures of life as well as to a joint of butcher's meat. The spendthrift sets his heart on expensive baubles, but he does not ask their price: he is, therefore, obliged to give for them his houses, his lands, his friends, and his comforts; and these are fifty times more than they are worth. The drunkard is determined to have his brandy and gin, and his strong ale; and as he never makes the price an object, so he pays for them with his wealth, his character, and his peace—and a sad bargain he makes of it! It is the same with others. The gambler will be rich at once, but riches may be bought too dear; for he who in getting money gets also the habit of risking it on the turn of a card, or throw of the dice, will soon bring pounds to pence. The gambler pays for his riches with his rest, his reputation, and his happiness. Do you think if the highwayman asked the price of ungodly gain, that he could ever commit robbery? No, never! but he does not ask the price, and foolishly gives for it his liberty, if not his life. Ask the price of what you would possess, and make a good bargain. A little prudence will secure you a great deal of peace. But if, after all, you will have the pleasure of sin, I pray you consider the price you must pay for it.

"Yes, thine may be the joys of vice,
And thine without control:
But, ah! at what a fearful price—
The price may be thy soul!"

"I AM A LOST MAN!"—The newspapers inform us that these were the last words of Bugeaud, Marshal of France and Duke of Italy. When he uttered them he was just closing a brilliant, many would say a useful life. He had led vast armies to battle; he had governed extensive states; and he had been conspicuous in the councils of his nation. The president of France made anxious visits to his death-chamber; the stern Cavaignac wept as he looked upon the dissolving frame of his old comrade; and the Convention was profoundly affected when the news of his death was announced. With all this accumulation of honour, he was, by his own confession, "a lost man." How mournful the contrast between the glory of his life and the deep gloom of its close.

From the same source we learn that Bugeaud had a pious mother. In the history of his eventful life, this seems to have been the only quarter in which a good influence was exerted upon his heart. His mother's voice alone warned him of his danger, and spoke to him of eternity; all other influences led him astray. In the camp, he heard of God only in blasphemy. In civil life, he saw nothing but a desperate struggle for earthly power. In the saloons of Paris, he heard wit mocking and philosophy denouncing the religion of his youth. The quiet voice that had warned him and prayed with him was, alas for him! overborne and lost in the midst of these babbling voices of the world.

In the hour of death, however, these voices die away and are forgotten. The acclamations of a world could not have made the failing pulse of Bugeaud beat faster. Other tones were in his ears; for the accents we will not listen to when they admonish us, we are often forced to listen to when they accuse. The dying moments are often the time of resurrection for abused privileges and neglected gifts. They stalk forth from the "burial-places of memory," to foreshadow our doom, and convince us of its undeniable justice.

Thus we explain that fearful expression which fell from the dying warrior. He heeded a voice which he had long neglected and forgotten. Across the waste of years and through the storm of battle it comes, clear, distinct, upon his failing ear. It asks for the fruit of early counsel. It seeks for the result of pious care and zeal. One compre-

hensive glance over his life satisfies the man that he has wasted it. His own conscience condemns him. In this he knows that he but anticipates the sentence of God, and he sinks into death "a lost man."

The lesson of this sad incident is easily read. It is only another instance of the ease with which carelessness can turn our blessings into curses. A mother's love and a mother's pious care are inestimable gifts of God's mercy. Indifference and impenitence can make them causes of our deeper sorrows, and so change the soft voice that sung our infancy to sleep, that it will haunt our dying pillow with accusations that we can neither gainsay nor resist.—*Rev. M. B. Grier.*

ADOPTED CHILDREN.—"One instance of adoption," says the author of 'America as I found It,' "touched me deeply on many accounts. In the graveyard of the first Presbyterian church in Elizabethtown, the monument is found which tells the dismal story of the deaths of Mr. Caldwell, once pastor of that flock, and of his wife. She was shot, with her babe in her arms, through the window of her own house, by ravening soldiers in search of plunder. He encountered a similar fate more than a year after, when exerting himself like a Christian patriot in the service of his country. Such deeds have left scars which are calculated to excite national spleen; and such records aid in fretting and keeping it alive.

"Nine children were by these deeds left unprotected. After the funeral, the Hon. Elias Boudnot ranged the bereaved offspring around the remains of their father, and with that speaking spectacle before the eyes of a crowd of mourners, asked which of them was going to fulfil the Divine promise, that the seed of the righteous shall not be forsaken? which would embrace the opportunity of proving that they valued their patriotic friend and faithful pastor? which would, from these forsaken ones, rear citizens worthy of their parents? 'For my share,' said the noble man, 'I select this boy for mine, and engage before you, my fellow-citizens, and under the eye of heaven, to rear and train him as my own son, and may our God give his blessing.' There was a solemn pause. Many an eye, brimfull, was turned from the dead father to the fatherless little flock. One and another stepped forward and led forth an orphan, till all the nine found parents; and, with the exception of one unsettled character, whose act was that of fleeting emotion and not of Christian resolution, and who in a short time returned the chosen child to its friends, no one failed of their engagements. Nor did the Father of mercies fail of his; they turned out excellent citizens, who served their country, or who became the mothers of those who serve it now; and nearly—may I not say *all*—came forth in life as real Christians, the petitions which their parents left behind being answered when they had passed by their stormy deaths to the world of eternal peace. And that rejected and returned one was, if I remember right, the very one afterwards chosen by General Lafayette, carried to France, and furnished with the most complete and accomplished education which Parisian skill could offer to sound ability. He returned to do his country signal services in the walks of literature, piety, and philanthropy."

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.—When you lie down at night, compose your spirits as if you were not to awake till the heavens be no more. And when you awake in the morning, consider that new day as your last, and live accordingly. Surely that night cometh of which you will never see the morning, or that morning of which you will never see the night, but which of your mornings or nights will be such you know not. Let the mantle of worldly enjoyment hang loose about you, that it may be easily dropped when death comes to carry you into another world. When the corn is forsaking the ground, it is ready for the sickle: when the fruit is ripe, it falls off the tree easily. So when a Christian's heart is truly weaned from the world, he is prepared for death, and it will be the more easy for him. A heart disengaged from the world is a heavenly one, and then we are ready for heaven when our heart is there before us.—*Burton.*